

THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE
IN BEAUTY'S ROSE SMILE. AKENSIDE.

VOL. V.

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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

(Concluded from page 123.)

New York, July 20, 1795.

"After giving way to the emotions of grief with which her bosom was filled, she proceeded in nearly the following words:—"I soon became conscious of the ill I had done myself, and remorse seized upon every nerve. I lamented bitterly that I had suffered myself to be so much deceived, and upbraided him with being the cause of it. He endeavoured to pacify me by every blandishment that he could summon to his aid, and raising me from the bank, we moved towards this place. All his labours to silence my invectives were to no effect; and at the time we separated for rest, this repulsive temper had not forsaken me. I passed a sleepless night, regretting that on the ensuing morning I was necessitated to accompany him home. I got up early in the morning, and was in expectation of seeing him soon after enter the room. Two hours passed without his appearing, which induced me to think, that sleep was more faithful to him than it had been to me. When breakfast was announced, you dispatched a servant to give him notice of it, but on his return we were informed that no one was in the room. I felt a little discomposed, but concluded that he had rose before me, and walked some where in the neighbourhood. I was anxiously waiting for him, when you delivered me the billet which you found in the room where he had laid. You already know in what manner I was affected by its contents: the extreme of sorrow and indignation which alternately ensued, deprived me of reason, and I could have wished, of life also." She then gave me the letter, the contents of which were as follow:

"Your conduct Maria, on the last evening was such as to give me a presentment

of what little happiness I have to expect should I be united to you by marriage. I in vain looked for a verification of those sentiments which you so frequently, and so ardently professed for me. My attachment to you was only rewarded by contumely and reproach, which you thought would meet with impunity, from the deep snare in which you had me entangled. I trust that time will eradicate the affection which I bear you, as its existence will only conspire to make me wretched; but it being evidently not reciprocal, my absence from you cannot be lamented."

"She continued."—"After this, I resolved to be resigned to whatever should happen; my only concern is now for my mother; but to return to her is out of my power;—for myself, I am prepared to encounter death in any shape. Two days have now expired since he left me, all which time have I been subjected to unspeakable tortures—to live much longer in this frame of mind is not to be expected."

"She said no more. I used every exertion for her solace: I offered her an asylum here as long as she choosed to make it her abode. But she shook her head, and as usual, preserved a melancholy silence. The day after she had communicated the above particulars, she was uncommonly long in making her appearance. I went to her chamber, and on approaching the bed was startled at her ghastly complexion. My intention was to send immediately for a physician, but on attempting to leave the room for that purpose, with a feeble voice she called to me; I returned, then with a mournful complacency she said, "I know what you would wish to do, but my dear madam spare yourself the trouble; but a few moments more, and my torments will for ever cease. There is but one act of my life for which contrition was necessary, yet I will now resign it with a calmness, known to me only before my transgression. I longed for the approach of that moment when I should no more be harassed with the remembrance of my guilt. If ever you should see H—— let him know that with my latest breath I forgave him; though he has been unkind to me, my af-

fection for him has remained undiminished. Farewell my mother, I hope to receive your pardon in another world.—Farewell my best friend, my heaven reward the bounties I have received by your hands."

"The poor young lady could say no more, she drew one deep sigh, and expired without a struggle. From the rapid decay which her constitution had experienced for a few days previous to her decease, I judged that her troubles would be of short duration, but the suddenness of their conclusion surprised me, and I could not help thinking from several coincident occurrences, that she hastened her exit. Two days ago we buried the unfortunate girl, in a church yard at a little distance from this place; all who had heard of her sufferings followed the remains, which we consigned to the grave with unfeigned tears. I wished the lady's mother to hear something of her, but the accounts were so dreadful that I feared to search for her, and I have been wavering for some time without having yet come to a final determination."

Here the good lady concluded the narration. I offered to relieve her, and endeavour to inform Mrs.—— in the best manner I could of what had transpired. To this she assented, and I immediately determined upon returning to the city, which was accomplished in a few hours. I called upon my friend; she was still confined to her room, and as her indisposition seemed to increase more from the uneasiness she felt from not hearing any thing of her daughter, I thought it expedient to let her know the truth in some form, as sooner or later it must have come to her knowledge. As usual, she made some enquiries upon the subject. I mentioned that Maria was well and happy. "What," said she, "shall I at last be informed of her fate." I then told her that what she conjectured upon receiving the note from Maria was but too well founded; to this she only answered with a sigh; but when I came to mention her situation and subsequent death, the shock was too great for her to withstand; she sunk motionless in my arms. By the aid of medicine she soon recovered animation, but

not reason. The physician who attended her gave me to understand, that her delirium would not be of long continuance; but as to her life his expectations were not so sanguine. She recovered her senses on the following day, and though she seemed determined not to survive the intelligence of her daughter, yet we had the satisfaction to observe, that her health progressed each successive day, and it was not long before she was able to leave her room. Thus situated, I had every reason to expect a relapse of her former illness, and being convinced that nothing but society and acts of kindness would prevent it, I, with much difficulty prevailed on her to make her residence with me for the future. After the removal, I expected from the attention which all in the house shewed her, that she would soon be restored to her wonted spirits. But though she sometimes appears cheerful, I often surprise her in a different condition; but I hope that her sorrows are only temporary, and it is not doubted but that in a little while we shall be able to efface their remembrance; or at least insomuch that a retrospect of them may not be attended with any pain. Adieu.

 FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE REGISTER.

NO. VII.

OF MEMORY.

By Dr. Beatie.

(concluded.)

To improve this faculty, we must, as already observed, cultivate habits of strict attention, not only when we read books, or hear discourses, but also in conversation, and in every part of our daily business. It will also be prudent to study according to a plan, to dispose our affairs methodically, and to study nothing but what may be useful. To read a great variety of books is not necessary but those we read should all be good ones: and we shall do well to read them slowly and considerately, often recollecting what we read and meditating upon it: and we should never leave a good author till we be masters of both his language and his doctrine. As Bacon well observes, "some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read

wholly, with diligence and attention."—There is much good sense in the following aphorism of the same great author: "Reading makes a full man—writing an exact man—and conversation a ready man."

It is hardly credible to what a degree both active and passive remembrance may be improved by long practice. There are clergymen who can get a sermon by heart in two hours, though their memory, when they began to exercise it, was rather weak than strong. And pleaders, and other orators, who speak in public and extempore, often discover, in calling instantly to mind all the knowledge necessary on the present occasion, and every thing of importance that may have been advanced in the course of a long debate, such powers of retention and of recollection, as to the man who has never been obliged to exert himself in the same manner, are altogether astonishing.

Frequently to revise our knowledge—to talk about it, when we have a convenient opportunity, that is, when we are in the company of those who may wish to hear us talk about it—to teach it to others—to reduce it to practice, as much as possible—and to set down in writing, not on loose papers, but in books kept for the purpose, whatever may occur to us on any subject, would greatly improve both our memory and our judgment. To transcribe literally from books, is of little use, or rather of none; for it employs much time, without improving any one of our faculties. But to write an abridgement of a good book may sometimes be a very profitable exercise. In general, when we would preserve the doctrines, sentiments, or facts, that occur in reading, it will be prudent to lay the book aside, and put them in writing in our own words. This practice will give accuracy to our knowledge, accustom us to recollection, improve us in the use of language, and enable us so thoroughly to comprehend the thoughts of other men, as to make them in some measure our own.

The memory of brutes seems to serve them no further, than is necessary to the preservation of them and their offspring, and for making them useful to man. In some of them it is attended with extraordinary circumstances. Bees, for example, can see but a very little way before them, as appears from the extreme convexity of their eyes; and yet find their way, from a long excursion, to their respective homes, and seldom or never mistake a neighbouring hive for their own. In this they must be guided, not only by memory, but also by smell, or rather by some other instinct, whereof we have no conception. Yet, with all the helps that he derives from instinct, or from more acute organs of sense, the memory of the most

sagacious brute is to that of men almost infinitely inferior. Many brutes are quite untractable; of such the memory must be very limited. Those that are docile, soon reach the height of improvement: and the arts and habits, which it is in our power to impress upon them, are but few. Destitute of consciousness, of reason, of recollection, of conversation, and of the powers of invention and arrangement, the extent of their knowledge must be extremely small, and their memory proportionable. Of abstract notions, in regard to truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, elegance and deformity, proportions in quantity and number, law, government, religion, commerce and other sciences and arts, which are the most important parts of human knowledge, they are utterly ignorant; nor can they ever know any thing of what has happened in time past, is likely to happen in the time to come, or is now happening at a distance.

But to the power of human memory, and to the possible extent of human knowledge we can set no bounds. And what is very remarkable, the more real knowledge we acquire, the greater is our desire of knowledge, and the greater our capacity of receiving it. In a word, we seem to be susceptible of endless improvement: which is a proof, not only of the immense superiority of our nature to that of other animals, but also that our souls are formed for endless duration.

H.

 MISCELLANY.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

This wonderful genius possessed in a peculiar manner that enthusiasm of his art, without which nothing great can ever be produced. He said that painting should be practised only by gentlemen, and would not receive as pupils any young persons who were not either nobly born, or had been liberally educated.

Michael Angelo was a painter, a statuary, and an architect, and in each of these arts aimed always at the grand and the sublime. He had a design of executing a colossal statue of Neptune in the marble quarries of Massa Carara, that should front the Mediterranean sea, and be seen from the vessels that were passing at a great distance.

Dante was the favourite poet of Michael Angelo, and he appears to have transfused into his works, many of his magnificent and sublime images. Angelo himself wrote verses very well. When some one put the following lines upon his celebrated figure of Night reclining upon the tomb of one of the

family of Medicis, in the chapel at Florence that bears the name of that illustrious family :

La notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
Dormir, fu d'un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso, & per che dorme, ha vita.
Destala, se no'l crede & parleratti :

Night's marble figure, stranger, which you
see

Recline with so much grace and majesty,
No mortal's feeble art will deign to own,
But boasts an Angel's hand divine alone :
Death's awful semblance though she counterfeits,

Her pulse still quivers, and her heart still
beats.

Doubt'st thou this, stranger ? Then with
accents meek

Accost the sleeping fair, and straight she'll
speak :

Michael Angelo the next evening, replied
in the following lines :

Grato m' e il sonno, & piu l' esser di sasso,
Mentre ch' il damo, & lavergogna dura.
Non vider, non sentir m' e grand ventura
Pero non mi destar. Deh ! parla basso !

To me how pleasant is this death-like sleep,
And dull cold marble's senseless state to keep !
Whilst civil broils my native land confound,
And rapine, fury, murder stalks around !
How grateful not to see these horrid woes,
Hush, stranger, leave me to my lov'd repose* !

Michael was in love with the celebrated Marchioness of Pescara, yet he never suffered his pleasures to interfere materially with his more serious pursuits. He was one day pressed to marriage by a friend of his, who, amongst other topics, told him that he might then have children, to whom he might leave his great works in art. "I have already," replied he, "a wife that harrasses me ; that is, my art, and my works are my children."

Michael Angelo said one day to his biographer Giorgio Vasari, "Giorgio, thank God that duke Cosmo has reared thee to be the servant of his whims, his architect and painter ; whilst many of those whose lives thou hast written, are doomed to pine in obscurity for want of similar opportunities."

Angelo being one day asked, whether the copy of the Laocoon, by Bacio Bandinelli, the celebrated sculptor of Florence, was equal to the original, coolly replied, "He

who submits to follow is not made to go before." He said too on a similar occasion, "The man that cannot do well from himself, can never make a good use of what others have done before him." He used to say, "that oil painting was an art fit for women only, or for the rich and idle ;" yet he acknowledged that Titian was the only painter.

Michael Angelo, on being advised by some of his friends to take notice of the insolence of some obscure artist, who wished to attract notice by declaring himself his rival, magnanimously replied, "He who contests with the mean, gains no victory over any one."

Michael Angelo was once told of an artist who painted with his fingers. "Why does not the blockhead make use of his pencils?" was his reply.

When this great artist first saw the Pantheon at Rome, "I will erect such a building," said he, "but I will hang it up in the air." With what truth he spoke this the dome of St. Peter's will evince, but which, unhappily for him, was not executed whilst he was living, and to which his original design was to append a most magnificent portico.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE FAMOUS HISTORIAN

PIETRO GIANNONE.

Pietro Giannone was born in the year 1676, at Ischitella, situated on Capitanata, a province of Naples. In his 18th year he repaired to Naples, to complete the course of his studies. The progress he made in civil law under Domenico Anlisio, and the penetrating eye he discovered on other important subjects, procured him access to Santano Argento, afterwards president of the Royal Council, in whose house, as in an academy, the men of the greatest abilities in the kingdom were wont to assemble. Here he conceived the design of writing a history of the kingdom of Naples ; wherein he proposed to treat of its laws and police. As he only worked at it in such hours of leisure as the profession of an advocate allowed him, it was twenty years before he finished the work.

In order to elude the censures of the clergy, which would have stifled the book in its birth, he had it privately printed in the printing-office of the advocate Ottavio Ignazio Vitagliani, which the latter had set up at his estate of Dueporte, not far from Naples. It appeared at the beginning of the year 1723, under the title of *Istoria civile del regno di*

Napoli, in four quarto volumes, with permission of the collateral-council, who had entrusted the censure of it to a judicious person of the name of Niccolo Capasso. This precaution, however, did not secure him from the persecutions of the clergy ; whose pretended rights were attacked in the work. They persecuted him to the grave. The monks preached publicly against him ; and sought, by every means they could devise, to blacken him with the people as the greatest profligate alive. In vain did the viceroy and cardinal of Althan employ all his authority to pacify the monks ; and in vain did the town-council of Naples appoint him advocate of the city, with a present of 135 ducats, as a token of their approbation of his history. The populace, spurred on by the monks, insulted him in the public streets ; the archbishop banished him from the church, and at Rome his book was solemnly burnt. To provide for his personal safety, he was forced, in the same year that his work came out, to leave Naples, and take refuge in Vienna. The emperor, Charles VI, looked on him at first with a sullen aspect, but shewed him more complacency afterwards, on having perused the history during his residence at Prague, at the recommendation of prince Eugene, the grand chancellor von Zinzendorf, the famous count de Boneval, and other persons of high distinction, and granted him an annual pension of 100 guildens, out of the revenue of the secretariship of Sicily. But he could never be induced to promote him even to the smallest post.

At Vienna, Giannone wrote two severe sarcastical pieces against the excommunication of the archbishop of Naples, though he had been immediately absolved from it by cardinal Pignatelli, at that time also archbishop, and against the papal prohibition of his book. By the advice of his friends, he only circulated them in writing. Patronized by the grandees of the court, and in favour with numbers of the learned, he here also wrote several other works ; of which his *Triregno* (the name he gives the papal crown) stands foremost in reputation. He employed almost 12 years upon it at Vienna, and finished it at Geneva. It abounds with protestant principles.

In the year 1734, when the kingdom of Naples and Sicily fell under the dominion of Don Carlos, he had the misfortune to lose his pension and with it all hopes of returning to his country. He left Vienna ; and went to seek his fortune at Venice. Here he found a favourable reception with the grandees of the republic, and all who had pretensions to letters : particularly with the senator Angiolo Pisani ; who, beside

* Florence at that time was distracted with civil dissensions.

other tokens of regard, gave him one of his houses to inhabit. He immediately acquired the esteem of the ambassadors of France and Spain, who employed all their interest to procure him a return to his country; but they as well as his patrons at the Neapolitan court, found every way to this end cut off. The Venetians offered to promote him to the honourable post of a consultore onorario of the republic, with the assurance that he should be put in possession of the office as soon as ever it was vacant; in the mean time he might enjoy the place of professor of the pandects at Padua. But he honestly acknowledged that he was not capable of expounding the pandects in the latin language, conformably to the usages of that university; and therefore declined the professorship.

(To be continued.)

Charles, Duke of Lorraine, that he might dissolve his marriage, alledged that he was not baptized when he was married: and this was judged a strong argument in his favour.

The equestrian sport of horse racing is a favourite one, yet none of our dictionaries give the meaning of the word—*race*:—I apprehend it is the German—*raste*—a mile, which contains three English ones, the distance generally run. Where two consonants come together one is generally not pronounced.

Female prostitution was so detested by our ancestors, that if a co-heiress under age was guilty of it, her share went to her sisters: if they also were criminal, the whole inheritance went to the lord of the fee. Such is the law in Glanville, how came it to be altered? In Scotland such delinquents were thrown into a hole, or well: and this was the German custom, noticed by Tacitus. "Corpore infames ceno ac palude, injecta insuper crate, mergunt." By the salic law, a woman was to complain of violence offered to her modesty in forty days: and so it is in Fleta. But by the Scottish law, she was only allowed one night to consult with her friends, if she delayed longer—"Defendens quietus erit"—the ravisher was acquitted.

Seneca, the dramatic writer, predicted the discovery of America, in his *Medea*; and Tacitus foresaw the ruin of the Roman empire by the people of Germany.

Francis I. King of France, desirous of acquiring into the certainty of the poetic fa-

bles and traditions current concerning the gigantic size of Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, whose strength, stature and exploits were the subjects of every bard, had his sepulchre opened: his bones and bow were rotten and decayed, but his armour sound, though covered with rust; this was cleansed, and Francis put it on him, whereby it appeared, that Roland did not exceed him in size, and Francis was neither very tall or large.

This example strongly proves, that the idle tales of Giants are purely fictitious, and that the large bones frequently discovered are not human, but belonging to some animals. So true is it what Suetonius observes, that the bones of huge animals, or sea-monsters, both have and do still pass among the vulgar for bones of giants.

The ancient dress of an English lord chancellor was somewhat singular, as related by Matt. Paris, under the year 1191:—"Tunica viridi fæminea indutus, capam habens ejusdem coloris, peplum in capite muliebri portans." That is, he was clad in a green female tunic, with a cape of the same colour, and a woman's hood on his head; this covered the face, leaving only the eyes, nose, and chin to be seen. Can of the black lettered *cleves* throw any light on this curious passage.

Priestly and Ingenhouz have shown that plants sweeten corrupt air, but that this effect is produced by the operation of the sun, for that their effluvia in the night are noxious, and even poisonous. This fact, ascertained by experiment, is valuable; and should warn those who are fond of plants and flowers not to suffer them in their bed-chambers, as very serious illnesses may arise from thence.

The great Sydenham being asked, why he never writ about the nervous disorders, ingeniously answered, he did not understand them. And yet there is not a doating empiric, or flippant son of *Æsculapius*, but will tell you your disorder, be it what it may, is nervous. In fact, the real and precise action and nature of the nerves, and the means by which they become indispensibly instrumental not only to the vital economy, but to the very soul and its faculties, are still so latent and obscure, that the phenomena occurring in many of their morbid affections will, perhaps, never be satisfactorily accounted for. Let practioners, therefore, no longer amuse themselves, or their patients, with unintelligible jargon, but attend to the seat of diseases, discoverable by anatomy.

Dr. Goldsmith's beautiful and popular poem, *The Deserted Village*, shows the wonderful power of harmony and numbers and of poetic fiction and colouring. Dr. Comber, in his correspondence with Arthur Young, very ingeniously criticises our favourite bard, and satisfactorily proves, that the depopulation he so pathetically deplores, is no where to be seen, and the disorders he laments are only to be found in his own imagination. On this subject an elegant poet observes:

Exit in immensum fœcunda licentia vatum,
Obligat historica nec sua verba side. OVID.

Mr. Cumberland's poem, *Lewina*, the Maid of Snowden possesses much elegant imagery and warmth of colouring.—He thus speaks of the charms of the European ladies:

Yes, British females, yes to you belong
The earliest blossoms of my youthful song:
The arching brows, the hazel-rolling eye,
The open forehead, mouth of crimson dye:
The clust'ring auburn locks of burnish'd glow
That kiss your iv'ry shoulders as they flow:
The snowy whiteness of the swelling chest,
Courting the eye and suing to be prest:
Cheeks where the little loves delighted dwell,
And lips beyond what mortal lips can tell:
All those are yours, and yours, ah! more desir'd!
Virtue by rose cheek'd modesty attir'd:
Love, fathful love, the animated soul,
And rich fertility to crown the whole.

It is an excellent remark, that the study of eloquence tends to improve all the charms of conversation. By enabling us to express our sentiments with greater readiness and facility, it leaves the mind much more at leisure to pursue its researches, and acquire new ideas. It contributes not only to make us wiser men, but more agreeable companions; and, if properly cultivated, would correct that taciturn and solitary disposition so inconsistent with the social end of our being. It would likewise remove the fashionable necessity of killing time at cards, which can only serve to render men knavish and insipid. They are, indeed, the proper implements of knavery and insipidity only; for a card in the hands of a man of sense and letters is as preposterous as a distaff in the hands of Hercules.

GEORGE THE SECOND,

The King having appointed an Officer to a principal command, soon after the miscarriages of the year 1757, the Duke of Newcastle, who had another in his eye, remonstrated with his Majesty on the choice. "Why vat is the matter with my friend?" "Why, Sire," says the Duke, "Since I must speak out, the man is, at times, rather mad."—"Oh! is he so?" says the King—"By G—d, then so much the better, for there is a chance of his *biting* some of my Generals."

When the Marshal Belleisle was prisoner in the year 1744, he was commissioned by the French Court to negotiate the preliminaries of a peace, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Harington being then secretaries of State. Nothing, however, being brought forward for some months—the King meeting the Marshal one day at Hampton court, asked him how he went on? "Upon my word, Sire," says he, rather slowly, for I can scarcely get an answer from one of your Secretaries (meaning Lord Harington, who was a very grave silent man)!" "Poh, Poh!" says the King, "I will tell you how you'll remedy that; apply to my other Secretary, and he'll answer every question before you ask it."

The late LORD CHATHAM.

When his Lordship was between nine and ten years of age, he was on a visit to his aunt, the old Lady Grandison. One morning having a great number of persons of fashion visiting her, a Lord of the King's bed-chamber was there, who was vaunting of the minister's majorities in parliament. Young Pitt who was carelessly playing at the end of the room, hearing this, suddenly exclaimed, "Then God help the country," The company were amazed, and his aunt, who knew his temper ordered him out of the room. After the guests were gone, she in a good-natured manner chid him for his observation; when the other replied, "I beg your pardon, Madam, for disturbing your company; but I hope to see the day when I shall make every one of those Court Sycophants tremble in their skins."

The cause of Lord Chatham's gout, which he had so early and so constantly thro' life, that most people thought was hereditary, he himself imagined to arise from a well which was under his study, in a lodging-house in Kent, when he was a lad, and which was not discovered till the boards getting rotten,

were taken up. Here he generally studied six or seven hours a day, and used to come in warm from his morning exercises. His principal reading consisted in the Greek and Roman Orators, History, and the English Classics.

With a view to modulate his voice, when alone he generally read aloud, and with as much effort and precision as if he was before a large audience. He continued this almost to the last. Garrick always spoke of him as a fine reciter of Heroic poetry.

A country friend of Sir Robert Walpole's hearing Mr. Pitt (who was then but a Cornet, and had just got into the House) speaking with great elocution upon some public topic, told the minister the same day at his table, that he thought it would be well worth his while to make that young man a Captain. "My dear Sir," says Sir Robert, "to let you see how much I think with you, make him my friend, and I'll give him a regiment."

Lord Chatham had great knowledge of the characters of men, and could apply himself with great dexterity even to their foibles, when proper occasions demanded it.

When he was rather forced upon the late king as his minister, by the unanimous voice of the people, he found it necessary to recover the King's temper by some little exterior mark of respect. An occasion soon presented itself, which was to bring his Majesty the news of a victory. His Lordship, however, was so ill of the gout, that when he was led to the closet-door he could not stand. The King, seeing this, called for a stool—"No, Sire," says Mr. Pitt, "it is not my duty to sit in your presence; but though I can't stand, I can kneel;" and in that position read his dispatches.—The King was so pleased with the manner of his behaviour, and the news, that he spoke ever afterwards of Mr. Pitt with great friendship. His general phrase was "I like that Pitt—he's an honest man—I understand all he says."

Another instance of Mr. Pitt's personal attention to the King was upon his accepting the seals—receiving them with great marks of deference and respect. The late Chase Price used to say jocosely upon this occasion, "That he bowed so low, you could see the tip of his hooked nose between his legs."

From the moment he accepted the seals he gave up his whole mind to business, and used occasionally to abstract himself even from his family, the better to expedite it. In these moments he saw nobody but those

necessary to the objects under consideration; nor did his most intimate relations or friends dare to press upon him on any private or domestic account whatever. When the public business was arranged, he rang a particular bell, which was the signal for Lady Chatham and the children to go in.

Somewhat of a similar conduct he shewed when he was very early in office. At that period he and a maiden sister kept house together, with whom, from what followed, we suppose he could not live as abstracted as he chose. He remonstrated several times upon this subject, but in vain. At last his sister went on a visit to the country, when on her return she found her brother in private lodgings, and the following bill on his former house.

"This house and furniture to be let or sold."

When the present Lord Stanhope was courting his first wife (a daughter of Lord Chatham), the father found them one morning engaged in some friendly difference, which he wanted to know the reason of. "Why to tell you the truth, my lord," says Lord S, "I can't get your daughter to fix the day of marriage, and as you have come in so opportunely, will you be so good to settle it for us?"—"Oh, with all my heart!" says he, "Let me see, next Friday will be St. Thomas's day, the shortest day and the longest night—of course the properest to consummate a marriage."—The Lady blushed; and his Lordship claimed and possessed the reward of the arbitration.

Mr. Pitt's oratory, though at times very sublime and dignified, at other times assumed a boldness and familiarity of tone that was very peculiar. It was what Dr. Johnson said of Burke's oratory—"Twas not like Demosthenes, or Cicero, but like himself."—Many instances may be adduced of this, but particularly the following:

When George Grenville was chancellor of the Exchequer, he brought in a Budget wherein he proposed some taxes which were objected to by the Opposition, in which number was Mr. Pitt. In Mr. Grenville's reply he told them, that no doubt, he saw the difficulty which every minister must lie under in proposing taxes, but as they must be laid somewhere, he would request of the Gentlemen at the other side of the House to tell him when or where they should be imposed? Mr. Pitt immediately got up, and without making any other answer, sung the following line of the well-known song—"Gentle Shepherd! tell me when and tell me where."

The whim of the rebuke set the whole house in a burst of laughter, and Mr. Grenville went by the name of the Gentle Shepherd to the last hour of his life.

EUGENIO.

(Continued from page 126.)

"I will hurry over the succeeding events as briefly as possible; it will be to spare both you and myself. The body of my friend was bathed with unshed tears. Not a brother officer that approached it, but bestowed upon it this testimony of his sorrow; and the monarch himself was melted at the fatal intelligence. I stayed only to see him put into his grave with such military pomp as became a brave soldier, and such honourable grief as belongs to a virtuous man; and having obtained the permission of my general, set out on my melancholy errand with the fatal gift in my bosom. It may be as well to mention, that, before I quitted the army of his Prussian majesty, I was complimented with the Order of Merit, and a present of 300 ducats. No event that is worth relating happened to me during my journey.

"I passed over the scene of my first campaign near Hastenbeck, till I came to the miserable pollard on the heath where I first met my poor companion and preserver. Here a crowd of wretched ideas rushed into my mind. The wind seemed to sigh as it passed me, the night was dreary and starless, and every thing was just in the same order as when I leaned against this self same tree fainting with my wounds, and disposing myself for death. Again I seemed to hear the sound of horses' hoofs; again, to see the lifted sabre: again I thought I heard in the hollow breezes as they passed me, the comforting voice of my departed friend; till at length my fancy was so worked upon by my feelings, that I thought several times I saw his spirit move before me. I raised my eyes, and beheld the same light gleaming from the cottage where the poor Matilda was left. My legs scarce supported me till I reached the door.

"How shall I describe the scene which succeeded! The fewest words will do best. Matilda lay on her poor mattress, the prey of that disorder which had seized her the week before our departure. She could hardly raise her languid head; but when she did, it was to recognize me, with a look so piercingly tender, that I thought I must have died ere I could have exposed the fatal token. As I fell on my knees, to bathe her hand with my tears, the bloody handkerchief dropped out of my bosom upon the bed. When I saw what was done, my eyes fastened tremblingly upon hers, where however I could perceive little emotion. It was too late—her pulse was fluttering—her hand

was convulsed—Surely death was never so kind as now. She drew, however, the handkerchief to her, and could just articulate—"Bury it with me!" Poor Matilda! It was indeed buried with thee, but not till it was as wet with my tears as had been with thy husband's blood. Alas! how often has it been my fate to follow the virtuous to the grave!—But Heaven's will be done!—it will be reward enough, if one virtuous man shall weep over Eugenio's tomb.

"It was on Matilda's tomb, while my tears were flowing to the memory of this excellent pair, that I perceived the dawn of those new resolutions which, since that day, have been continually letting fresh sunshine into my thoughts, and opening my mind to nobler and wider prospects. About a stone's throw from the little cottage, where two stunted yew-trees, which seemed to have borne the pelting of many a storm, formed a rude kind of arch in the middle of the heath, we buried the remains of poor Matilda. The old cottager, his wife, and myself, were her only attendants to this humble grave; yet if the honour done to the dead is to be estimated by the tears of those that mourn their departure, never were funerals more pompously executed than those of this virtuous couple. On the night of that melancholy day in which this last office of kindness was performed, as I lay, unable to compose myself, on the wretched mattress on which Matilda had died, in one of those slumbering deliriums when the fancy is most at work, I thought I heard myself invited to the grave of my gentle friend.

"Those sensible minds who can imagine themselves in my situation, will not wonder that, subdued and softened as I was at that moment to any impressions, I imagined this to be a real summons, and instantly resolved upon my pilgrimage. The stars shone very bright; and every terrestrial object being veiled in darkness, the heavens seemed to stand forth as the great subject of contemplation to man. I have always loved these midnight rambles:—in a mind properly constituted, they never fail to engender wholesome resolutions, which, though they generally vanish with the darkness, yet I am persuaded, they often leave a kind of glow in the mind, like the flushing that sometimes remains on the cheek after a happy dream, and gives a graceful colour to the features which lasts through the day. But here the comparison ends: the die upon the cheek survives but a little time the cause which occasioned it; but the mind is so influenced by habit, that it gathers strength with every struggle, and retains for ever the vestiges of virtuous exertions.

"I do love to feel my spirit mounting above the low thoughted anxieties and petty troubles of this existence, till it reaches 'the fiery wheeled throne of the cherub Contemplation.' I knew nothing, I confess of the resources and satisfactions provided for us in this self converse, this silent soliloquy, till the many meeting circumstances of that night conspired to produce in me a new train of reasoning and reflections. Much of what I held most dear on earth had just been withdrawn from me; the earth itself was obscured; my thoughts, therefore, were involuntarily thrown upon the subject of another existence, and turned upwards to those views of futurity which make every thing in this world look trifling and diminutive, except in the relation they bear to those views. How can we regard that dread magnificence above us, that world upon world, that system upon system, without feeling every petty ambition perish within us, as village honours lose their relish when the splendid preferments of the city are opened to us, or as lesser cares retire, when ermines, sceptres and diadems, are placed within our reach!

"These thoughts occupied me till I reached the grave of Matilda. Here, after some moments of involuntary sadness, a lucid calmness took possession of my spirits, to which I had hitherto been a perfect stranger. In this favourable position, my judgment and all the powers of my intellect seemed to gather unusual strength; and I felt, on a sudden, such a sovereignty of mind as I would not have exchanged for any throne in Christendom. I threw my thoughts back on my past history, in which every thing now appeared absurd and unaccountable. I saw clearly how much I had mistaken my better interests, and how much I had misemployed the force of my understanding. I saw too, that the only means of preserving the balance of the mind when nature has bestowed upon us too large a share of feeling for the occasions of this existence, is to dedicate a just portion of it to the higher objects and interests of an awful futurity.

"A distempered sensibility, and an irritable frame of mind, are the sure consequences of a high state of feelings, with a low state of religion. If they have no other passage but what this life supplies, they will necessarily act unkindly, and produce continual conflict and disorder; operating as it were, according to a law of physics, by which the impetuous is increased in proportion to the narrowness of the vent. I reflected on the short journey through this state which that excellent young person had made, on whose turf I was reclining."

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF THE LATE PIOUS VI.

(continued.)

Many speeches were made, and books and pamphlets published, on this occasion, by the chief individuals of the forensic cabal, tending to prove, that the holy see had never enjoyed a just title or a lawful pretension to this prerogative. The consequences of the question thus agitated and erroneously discussed, became obvious; the court of Rome produced twenty three original grants conceded from time to time to the kings of Naples; and proofs of the annual delivery of a white horse, in token of fealty, for full seven centuries. The Neapolitan lawyers asserted the contrary, and rendered themselves ridiculous all over Italy; for, as well might they have attempted to dispute a mathematical axiom. Cardinal Borgia, therefore, in his subsequent refutation, justly remarked, that nothing was better to demonstrate the right of the church than the Neapolitan publications on the subject. His holiness took, on such occasions, the step he thought proper. He issued a solemn protestation against the innovations lately made on the sovereignty of the holy see over the kingdom of Naples, and ordered a copy of it to be delivered to each of the diplomatic body residing in Rome; and with respect to the law-suit of the Dutchess of Maddaloni, he sent his internuncio into Naples two apostolic bulls; one of which was delivered to the dutchess herself, warning her of the insufficiency of the of the late judicial proceedings to justify her second marriage, and if such an event took place, that it could be considered in no other light than as an act of adultery; the other containing a monitory for Bishop Ortizi, who in some judicial causes had impiously usurped the rights of the holy see. Maddaloni acted in conformity to the wishes of the pope; but the bishop proved refractory. The business ended by the banishment of the internuncio from Naples, which took place in September, 1788.

These jurisdictional disputes were trifles compared with the convulsions of the French Revolution, which soon after took place. This is the true era of the public character of Pius VI: it would never have manifested itself if this unheard of calamity had not taken place. His holiness was too well aware of the ravages likely to be occasioned by the prevailing philosophy, and too sensible of the volatile and hasty spirit of the French people, not to apprehend the greatest national excesses would be the ultimate

result of such an unhappy event. He was, on the other side, fully convinced, that the interference of his spiritual authority would be of no use, as ecclesiastical censures had been already disregarded by the catholic monarchs themselves, and, what was worse, by the very princes of the house of Bourbon!

He resolved, therefore, to become a silent spectator in the business, and, although deeply affected by the evils which seemed to threaten the church, religion and morality, yet he acted in strict conformity to the law of nations. A feeble remonstrance only was made against the seizure of Avignon and the contat Venaissin, as well as on the banishment of his internuncio from Paris. And when the French clergy, headed by the Abbe Maury, solicited him to interpose his authority, to suppress the irreligious reform in the constitution of the clergy; it was with difficulty they prevailed on him to conform to their opinion, as he was confident that this compromise of his dignity would be attended with no success. After many solicitations he at last dispatched the celebrated monitory of the 13th of April, 1791. The result was just as he had predicted. The monitory was ridiculed, the clergy were exposed to new persecutions, and his holiness' name was rendered doubly odious. They considered the apostolic bull in no better light than a tocsin for a civil war. And the Parisian youth, headed by St. Huruge, went so far as to burn his effigy, ornamented with its pontifical insignia, in the gardens of the Palais Royal.

Pius VI. followed the same line of prudent conduct throughout all the subsequent events of the revolution; and posterity will acknowledge, that he could not have acted better with a view of averting the calamities brought upon himself and his dominions by the cruelty and Rapacity of the French; and that both as a secular prince, and as chief of the church, he behaved at this crisis with the most consummate prudence.

He never intended to join the coalition made against France, although such a measure (if we are rightly informed) had been proposed to him by the late king of Sardinia. He never shewed the least symptom of animosity against the French residing in his states; and when the privateers of Civita Vecchia had captured some French merchantmen in the Mediterranean, he directly ordered them to be carried to Marseilles, and restored to their original owners; most solemnly declaring, that he never was, and never intended to be, hostile to the French.

This generous conduct, which ought to have rendered him more respectable than ever to a government not entirely callous to

every sense of duty and gratitude, was considered as a tame submission to their insolence, arising from the want of power to act otherwise; and it encouraged them therefore to renew their insults. An agent of the name of Basseville was sent to Rome by the Girondists in January 1793, as ambassador of the Republic, with instructions to erase the royal arms from the French academy, and all public buildings belonging to the nation; and to substitute in their place the insignia of the republic.

His holiness did not expect this insulting visit; nor could it have been supposed that an accredited Frenchman should have come to Rome, after the overthrow of ecclesiastical discipline in France, which naturally dissolved every tie between the French nation and the holy see; and as a temporal Prince, he was justly afraid of being the first crowned head who should virtually acknowledge the republic. The note returned to Basseville on that occasion, breathed that wisdom, moderation and politeness, which in every thing marked the conduct of his holiness. It stated, "that his holiness had been much injured by the French people, both as universal head of the church, and as a secular prince: that his effigy had been ignominiously burnt at Paris, his nuncio banished, the county of Avignon seized, and domiciliary visits made in the house of his consul at Marseilles: and while his holiness was heartily concerned at seeing the once well-deserving French nation detached from the bosom of the church; yet, as a temporal prince, he must act in conformity to the law of nations, which would not allow any minister from a foreign court to receive the marks of a good understanding, before amends had been made for past or existing injuries." This note, which no man of good sense would wish to be conceived in better terms, rendered Basseville furious and implacable. Having been disappointed in displaying in Rome the emblems of republicanism, he wore the national cockade in his hat, and openly paraded the streets. Violent murders arose from every quarter, and intimations were given him, that his person was in some danger. It was also credibly reported, that Cardinal Zelida, a venerable old man, then minister of foreign affairs, desired as a peculiar favour of him, not to expose himself by his conduct to any popular resentment, for the consequences of which nobody could be responsible. Basseville, deaf to every admonition, imprudently rode out in his carriage, on Sunday, through the Strada del Corso, displaying, as usual, his cockade: the consequence was—his assassination by the irritated mob.

(To be concluded next week.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

By M. G. Lewis.

The frozen streets in moonshine glitter,
The midnight hour has long been past;
Ah me! the wind blows keen and bitter,
I sink beneath the piercing blast.
In ev'ry vein life seems to languish,
Their weight, no more my limbs can bear,
But no one minds the orphan's anguish,
And no one minds the orphan's pray'r.

Hark! hark! for surely footsteps near me,
Advancing press the drifted snow;
I die for food! Oh stranger hear me,
I die for food, some alms bestow.
You see no guilty wretch implore you,
No wanton pleads a feign'd despair;
A famish'd orphan kneels before you,
Oh grant the famish'd orphan's pray'r.

Perhaps you think my lips dissembling,
Of virtuous sorrow feign a tale:
Then mark my frame with anguish trem-
bling,
My hollow eyes, and features pale:
Ev'n should my story prove ideal,
Too well my wasted limbs declare,
My wants at least are not unreal,
Then stranger hear the orphan's pray'r.

He's gone, no mercy man will shew me,
No more in pray'r I'll waste my breath,
But on the frozen earth I'll throw me,
And wait in mute despair for death.
Farewell thou cruel world, to-morrow,
No mouthy scorn my heart shall tear.
The grave will shield the child of sorrow,
And Heav'n will hear the orphan's pray'r.

But thou, proud man, the beggar scorning,
Unmov'd who saw'st me kneel for bread,
Thy heart shall ache to hear at morning,
That morning found the beggar dead;
And when the room resounds with laughter,
My famish'd cry shall meet thy ear,
And often shall thou wish hereafter,
Thou hadst not scorn'd the orphan's pray'r.

*The person who refuses to relieve the Or-
phan's distresses, is supposed to utter the
following soliloquy.*

Ah me, a load my heart oppresses,
These anguish'd eyes refuse a tear—
I would not list to her distresses,
I would not mind the orphan's pray'r.

I met her on a night so dreary,
When fiercely rag'd the wintry storm,
With anguish torn, with wand'ring weary,
To piercing cold expos'd her form.

She begg'd for food, I had to give her,
But (marble hearted wretch) denied,
She knelt, still I did not relieve her!
Though nature's self for pity cried.

I saw her frame with anguish wasted,
I saw her trembling, wan, and pale—
Ah! long perhaps no food she tasted:
But all her wants could nought avail.

Enough to make a prince contented,
Of wealth, did heav'n on me bestow;
Yet unrelieved, unlamented,
I saw the famish'd orphan's woe.

Her wasted form still stands before me,
Her mournful voice sounds in my ear,
I see her on her knees implore me!
Still in her eye I see the tear.

Ah why did heaven treasures give me,
And make me dead to others woe;
Ah why not poor and virtuous leave me,
And wealth on better men bestow.

Forgive me, Oh! offended heaven,
Thy ways are just, and past controul;
Thou me a feeling heart hast given,
But avarice invests my soul.

Now cold she lies, no more the morning,
Oh heav'n, no more for her shall rise—
Nor more with light the world adorning,
Shall it salute my haggard eyes.

Ev'n day shall wrap night's horrors 'round
me,
The sun shall blacken in the sky,
No more shall gaiety surround me,
But all seem gloomy to my eye.

She's dead, no more she's doom'd to lan-
guish!
Nor feel the cruel taunts of pride;
The graveshall shield her soul from anguish,
With her, her misery has died.

But while one thought sad mem'ry traces,
While life's warm current fills each vein,
When time all other thoughts erases,
Still shall I think of her with pain—

Still think that on that night she told me,
When in the morn I found her dead—
Though Pleasure in her arms should foid me,
I'd wish that I had given her bread.

But now her pangs have ceas'd forever,
Thy woes of life no more she'll bear;
But I, alas! I fear that never,
I'll find a refuge from despair.

ALFRED.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

HORACE, ODE 22, BOOK 1.

I.

The man whose bosom's warmed by honours
glow,
And virtue leads, has nought on earth to
fear,
He wants, no Moorish javelin, nor bow,
Nor quivers that the poison'd arrows bear.

II.

Secure he walks, 'midst Libia's burning
sands,
Or climbs the summits of Caucasian snows,
And dauntless journies through the distant
lands,
Where fam'd Hydaspes, sung by poets,
flows.

III.

For hear: as late I walk'd my Sabine farm,
Singing with rapture of my Harriet's bloom
And rov'd unarm'd, while musing on each
charm,
A wolf fled from me, Harrietsav'd my doom.

IV.

A wolf more monstrous, than Apubia's
realm,
Renown'd for warriors, brings forth in
caves,
More monstrous than the lions that o'er-
whelm,
The traveller who Afric's deserts braves.

V.

Place me beneath the bleak and cheerless
skies,
Where summer gales, ne'er shed their
balmy breath;
Or where the tempest, winged with fury flies,
To scatter ruin o'er the trembling heath.

VI.

Place me beneath the raging solar heat,
Where not one mansion rises to the view,
There Harriet will I love, who smiles so
sweet;
Harriet who speaks with accents soft as
dew.

MARRIED—At Birmingham, near Tren-
ton, on Wednesday the 17th of April, by the
Rev. Mr. Rue, Mr. George Hunt, Mer-
chant, to Miss Sarah Moore.

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